

WHITECAPS TERRORIZE RESIDENTS OF GEORGIA

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
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RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

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A WOMAN PLUNGER.

SHE BETS LARGE AMOUNTS OF MONEY ON THE RACES AT THE ALEXANDRIA ISLAND, VA., TRACK.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

AFTER THE AMERICA CUP.

American yachtsmen are busy guessing the dimensions of the challenger for the America Cup, that the Earl of Dunraven syndicate will build, should the Royal Yacht Squadron close the generous and sportsmanlike terms for the race offered by the New York Yacht Club.

With only the water-line length—eighty-nine feet—as the known quantity and that the boat will be a single-sticker, it is not to be expected that the predictions made will be absolutely correct, but yacht-building in Europe and America is now such an exact science and on so nearly parallel lines, except for the radical difference regarding the centreboard and keel, that the New York yachtsmen feel confident the new Valkyrie will not be a surprise.

C. Oliver Iselin's remark that the Vigilant was built for the sole purpose of winning the America Cup conveyed a lesson to the English. It is the only object G. L. Watson has kept in view in designing the craft for Dunraven. It will be designed especially for the course of Sandy Hook, and utterly regardless of the requirements of English waters or English weather. The success of the Britannia last season has been noted by Mr. Watson. Her good points, notably in turning to windward and coming around in stays faster than the Vigilant, make it quite certain that the new boat will be an improved Britannia. It will be built at D. & W. Henderson's Meadowside Yards, on the Clyde, where Mr. Watson has already no less than £80,000 in work contracted for this season.

Hard as the Americans are guessing, they are not puzzling any more than the British yachtsmen. Whether Herreshoff has exhausted his ideas, or still has wonders unrevealed, is keeping many an English tar awake o' nights. The work of the ten-rater, the Dakotah, on the Clyde last season, and the fact that a winning cup-defender has always been produced when wanted, are spurs to their thoughts.

MASKS AND FACES.**Girls Who Want to Pose as Living Pictures.****SOME ARE VERY SHAPELY.****Managers Tire of Life After Interviewing Women from Six to Sixty.****TYPES OF STAGE ADVENTURESES.**

"I want to be a living picture!" That is the burden of the song she sings. She is the same young lady of Gotham—and her double is legion



BEFORE THE POSE.

In other parts of earth—who at one time wanted to be an angel, and who at another wanted to be an actress.

She wants to be a living picture. You may try to persuade her or yourself that she really doesn't, but she does. She is in earnest—dead earnest, and no mistake about it. It is true that the living picture craze has more than one feature—the one most apparent to the public—the craze of the theatre-goers to patronize the houses where living pictures were a part of the performance.

A phase of the craze—that seems in itself of sufficient proportions to phase the ordinary theatrical manager or agent—is the birth of ambition in the hearts of many of the modest young women of the city to become living pictures. Some of them are living pictures now—pictures of distress—and such as these have not yet become living pictures of any other class, nor are they likely to get an opportunity to inflict themselves on audiences in this city.

"It is truly remarkable," said Carver B. Cline, business manager of Koster & Bial's, "how the fancy seems to be growing. We have young women coming here, with more frequency than ever lately, to apply for positions at posing as living pictures. I would be pleased if you would state that we have all the young ladies we can employ, and that if we wanted any more we have a

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waiting list of selected ones already large enough to supply all the wants of the season. All this crusade against living pictures is nonsense. We at this house are in touch with the leading painters and sculptors in the city, and all of the young women who appear on our stage are professional artists' models and were sent to us by the artists for whom they regularly pose. It seems to have been imagined by the public that the young woman who could pose in a living picture in the way that they are put on the stages now must be bereft of all modesty, and Lady Somerset and her co-laborers seem to have conceived the idea that they ought to reform these young women, whom they imagine are depraved. Now, it is well known among artists and professional people, and fairly understood among intelligent people, that artists' models are of a peculiarly modest and respectable type.

"Any artist will tell you that the young woman who will pose has a certain confidence in herself and her character that furnishes her with the necessary courage, while a woman who is at all lacking in self-respect, you understand, cannot be hired to pose for any price. This is not theory; this is fact, and you will not have to speak to more than one or two first-class artists to have it confirmed. These young women pose as models in the day-

occasional visit from a needy Thespian was in the shape of an application to pose as George Washington, Richard Croker, or some other personage whose image is calculated to arouse enthusiasm.

When I found my way to Mr. Rice's office a few days ago, I learned instantly that gentleman's sentiments on the subject.

"I suppose you have many applications from people who want to be living pictures?"

"Yes, yes, yes! And we have many more than we could possibly utilize. Now, I should be glad to take your name and all that kind of thing," he said, rapidly, "but it is of no use, for we don't want any men at all."

I modestly protested that I had no ambition to become a living picture, and explained what he did want.

"What a relief!" exclaimed Mr. Rice.

"Now you have a chance to do me a favor here, and I would feel grateful. Just say that we have all the pictures we want. Any one who comes to me only wastes their time and voice. Why, would you believe it, I have had little girls not out of their pinnafores come up to the box office window down at the Garden Theatre and ask for the manager, and when the man at the window asks what they want, they say, 'I want to be a living picture.'

"Oh! There's a craze for it, and at times I am almost tempted to take the pictures off, just to stop the annoyance. We have ladies—I hope we will pardon me—old enough to look at life more seriously who come here and want to be living pictures. A remarkable part of it is that most of them have decided already what would make a hit in the way of a new picture, and they always want to explain it to me. Sometimes I can't escape. I had a great time here only a few days ago with a woman—an old maid, I should judge—who told me that young people did not know what love was, but she knew she could set the town wild if I would let her go on at the Garden and give some loving poses. I told her I believed she would set the town wild, but she did not appreciate the point apparently, for she kept warming up to the subject. She actually insisted on making some poses for me.

"Striking! Well, striking does not express it. When she wanted me to pose with her and let some of my friends pass judgment on it, I drew the line. I had very important business down the street just then."

At the Imperial Music Hall living pictures held the day—or the evening—for some time, but when the fantastic burlesque, "Old Age and Youth," was put on, the living picture idea was abolished in its recognized form.

In "Old Age and Youth" the first scene shows Fairyland, and there Melachrene, the aged sculptor, by gracious act of Victoria, Queen of the Enchanted Realm, is permitted to gaze upon all the works of his life, gathered together from all parts of the world by a wave of the magic wand. In this scene manager Kraus decided to have fifty young women pose on pedestals, and to gather them was a task to scare a bold man. Advertisements were inserted in the daily papers and theatrical agents received the tip. Manager Kraus is now thankful that he is alive.

"The number of applicants was simply astounding. We wanted fifty girls, and we actually had 500 here looking for the places," said Mr. Donshue. "We had the hardest kind of work to weed out the undesirable ones and make selections. You would have been astonished, though, to see the army of aspirants that came to us. They included all kinds, descriptions and ages of girls and women. We had quite a number of applications from girls in dry goods stores, and some of the waitresses and other girls in the mansions of the city. Typewriter girls were not without a good representation, and, of course, the theatrical people were in evidence. I'm so glad the weeding process is all over."

These are iconoclastic days in the theatre, and there are probably to be sacrifices which nobody ever could have foreseen.

Even in England the press is trying to drive out of popular appreciation a figure which we have long regarded as a part of our contemporary drama. It is the lady whom we love not so much for what she is as for what she has been, and who presents herself to us with the one claim to our sympathy that she has been successively a very good and then a very bad person before her audience even knew her.

In the usual course of things we are likely to care for acquaintances rather more for what they are than for what they may have been at a time when we never knew or heard of them. If they were bad and enjoyed themselves, we might momentarily regret the fact that we knew them only when they had decided to be good again and were having a rather hard time of it, so that all we knew was the rather barren pleasure of giving them a lift along the thorny path which repentance or may be dwindling opportunity had decided them to follow. The ladies with their past have generally introduced themselves with such an apology for inviting our sympathy and friendship.

Perhaps ordinary everyday life this would not have proved much of a recommendation. We might have resented that none of the old days at Monte Carlo or Biarritz, or any of those other localities which are so productive of these stage ladies, should have been shared with us. We might have told the lady that as long as we had none of the loaves and fishes, it was ungrateful to ask that we lend a hand in the reformation. On the Rialto a few days ago.

They were discussing a well-known actress, who has, alas! become passé.

"You can say what you like," quoth one, "but she's a most finished actress."

"Yes," retorted the other, "thoroughly finished—finished long ago."

WOMAN AND HER LOVERS.

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A VERY MYSTERIOUS CASE.

Mrs. Scott and J. W. Ogden
Met for "Soul Communion."

IT LED TO A LAWSUIT.

Mr. Scott Alleges that Mr. Ogden Has
Alienated His Wife's Affections.

THEIR FRIENDSHIP WAS PLATONIC.

John W. Ogden, an engineer in the service of the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York City, whose family live at No. 499 Quincy street, Brooklyn, is the defendant in a suit brought by William H. Scott, of No. 517 Lexington avenue, that city, for the alienation of Mrs. Scott's affections, and the woman practically admits her infatuation for Ogden, but insists that there were no grounds that would warrant divorce.

While acknowledging that for seven years she has been under the spell of his influence, and that for almost twelve months she has been his companion for hours every working day in a furnished room far away from the home of either, she insists that the meetings were held solely for "soul conversion." This might have gone on until the beatified beings were translated into that rarefied air for which they were training if Mrs. Ogden had not discovered that her husband, instead of going home when he left his office at five o'clock in the afternoon, went to the house No. 193 Bridge street, Brooklyn, where he remained with Mrs. Scott until nearly eight o'clock.

Mr. Ogden, the defendant in the suit, is forty-five, tall and angular. He looks like a clergyman, and has always been noted for the depth and apparent sincerity of his religious convictions. Mrs. Ogden is slight, pale and middle aged. There are two sons in the family, one in business in Dey street and the other in college. There was no severance of the family relations until Mrs. Ogden discovered that her husband was so attentive to Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. Scott about eight years ago was a hatter near Middletown, N. Y. Mrs. Lottie Scott, his wife, was a prepossessing woman of thirty-five, the mother of a boy and a girl, who are now rapidly approaching manhood and womanhood.

It was in Middletown that Mr. Ogden first became acquainted with the Scott family. He had gone to live on a farm there, and sold milk. Among his customers were the Scotts, and it was in this way that he began to commune with the woman of the house. She was religious, a member of the Church and recognized among her neighbors as charitable and prayerful. Mr. Ogden was inclined that way himself. He was also a church member, and his devotional exercises were considered powerful in leading the wicked to repentance.

So it went on for three years, and then the Ogdens moved to Brooklyn, Mr. Ogden obtaining the place in the gas company's offices that he now holds. Mrs. Scott visited the family about this time, and in talking about the hard times she mentioned incidentally that Mr. Scott was feeling the pressure. This moved the charitable Mr. Ogden, who said he could get a place for Mr. Scott in the Consolidated Gas Company, and he did. It didn't seem to be much of a position, that of a valve man, but it paid fair wages, and Mr. Scott, strangely enough, found that his work was altogether at night. Under the arrangement he was away from home from five in the afternoon until seven the next morning, and by a peculiar coincidence Mr. Ogden was through just at five every afternoon.

Five weeks ago Mrs. Ogden found it necessary to visit her husband at his place of business, No. 4 Irving place, this city. He was never home before 8 o'clock in the evening, and she was sure she would find him in when she called at five. But he was not there, and she found to her utter surprise that it was customary with him to leave every afternoon at five. Then she employed a detective, who quickly discovered that he was spending the afternoon with Mrs. Scott, in Bridge street. The Scott family were not so slow about finding out how things were. They had been shadowing the couple for six months, and were aware of the soul communions that were going on.

Mr. Scott himself precipitated matters two weeks ago. He went to the Ogden house, in Quincey street, and asked for an explanation. There was a stormy scene, and Ogden retired before the clouds were altogether dissipated. Scott hurried home to get an explanation from his wife, but found her sitting on the sofa beside Ogden.

Their hands were clasped, and they were engaged in apparent mental prayer. Scott did not know how to take this condition of affairs. Neither his wife nor Ogden was apparently moved by his presence. They kept on just the same.

Mr. Scott sought the Rev. W. C. P. Rhoades, pastor of the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church, to which both belonged. The clergyman endeavored to smooth matters over. He tried to break off the relations between the man and the woman, but both Mr. Ogden and Mrs. Scott insisted that there was nothing wrong in their meetings. They explained that the room in Bridge street had been hired for charitable purposes. They also did a little literary work there.

Mr. Ogden left his family and hired a room in this city. Mrs. Scott went with her father, George Stevens, to Plainfield, N. J., where they have since remained.

It was learned that the original affinity between the Ogden and Scott families was partly brought about by the care and attention bestowed on John W. Ogden's mother while she was ill. Her illness lasted for months and Mrs. Scott cared for her tenderly. Mrs. Ogden in return left a sum of money to Mrs. Scott.

Mrs. John W. Ogden told a reporter that she had

never heard of the suit, nor did she care to talk about it. She called her son into the parlor and told him that he could explain the case. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden have been married about twenty-five years, and the family had lived happily up to within a comparatively recent period.

"We made the acquaintance of the Scotts about eight years ago, at Middletown, N. Y.," said the young man. "My father owned a farm there, and he sold milk. Scott was a hatter, and worked whenever he could get work. When father returned to Brooklyn, after we had lived three years in Middletown, he got Scott employment as valve man at the works of the Consolidated Gas Company. The Scotts have now been living here about five years. They joined the Marcy Avenue Baptist Church of their own seeking. We did not induce them, as has been said, to join."

"My husband used to be a good Christian man. I don't know what to think of him now," remarked Mrs. Ogden. "He has written me once since he left the house, two weeks ago to-day. He didn't say whether he was going to return or not."

"Yes, it was two weeks ago that Mr. Scott came here and accused Mr. Ogden. He was quite angry, but he made no threats," continued young Mr. Ogden. "He said to Mr. Ogden, 'A nice thing for a man to do to come to his house and take his wife's affections away.' That's all over now," Mr. Ogden retorted, and he got up and walked out of the house.

"What excited our suspicions, my brother and myself, was this. About six months ago a cousin of Mrs. Scott incidentally made the remark that Mrs. Scott was never at home in the evening, and, of course, we knew that Mr. Ogden was never at home in the evening. Then my brother and I set a detective on his track, and we found that they used to meet at a house in Bridge street. Mrs. Scott has not been visiting here for

Lawyer Rufus L. Scott, who has been retained by Mr. Ogden to look after his side of the case, said: "Only the summons in the case has so far been served on Mr. Ogden, the plaintiff having twenty days in which to forward the complaint. Until I have seen the complaint I can say nothing about the matter. I believe that the trial will be held in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn."

Mrs. Scott, who is in Plainfield, N. J., said that her lawyer had told her to say nothing, but she admitted that the story was in the main true. She said Ogden was not there, but came out a little while evenings. She believed that Platonic friendship could be pure, and added that there was nothing improper between her and Ogden.

JACK THE HUGGER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The residents of the western part of Wilmington, Del., are being terrorized by the actions of a strange man who is known as "Jack the Hugger." The mysterious "Jack" plays his tricks after dark. Hiding himself in some dark alley or behind a tree box, he lies in wait for his victims, around whom he throws his long arms and pugs them violently. His victims are all females. The authorities are making a vigilant search for the fellow, and the matrons of the Police Department have been instructed to patrol the district where the hugger usually masquerades, a policeman following at a short distance. Each matron is provided with a whistle, which she will blow the minute "Jack" appears.

A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

An attempt was recently made to rob the Union Pacific depot, at Bonner Springs, Kan. The office was in charge of Miss Fannie Nesbitt, night operator. The



THEY DID LITERARY WORK.

three years or more. Mother was not very much pleased with her when she did call, as she thought that her conduct was a little bit more than friendly. Consequently she was very cool to Mrs. Scott, who finally stopped calling. Pastor Rhoades, at mother's request,

visited Mrs. Scott and spoke to her with the object in view of getting her to do what was right. This was a week ago. We have read in a paper that Mr. Ogden is now in Plainfield, N. J. That is all we know about him. As to the idea of platonic friendship in this case, that sentiment may exist in Mars, or in some other planet than our own, that we are not familiar with. That is all I can say."

When a reporter called at the home of William H. Scott, No. 517 Lexington avenue, the door was opened by a young woman, who told him that she was the servant girl. Mr. Scott had gone to his work, she said, and he would not be home until the next morning. Mr. Scott's son, she said, was in Texas, and Miss Scott, who was on a visit to a friend in the country, would not be home until next week. As for Mrs. Scott, the domestic said that she had no idea where she could be found.

At No. 193 Bridge street the front door was opened by an elderly woman. She said she never had a man named Ogden in her house, but told of a man who was known to her as Mr. Williams, and who rented a room to do some literary work. A young man and a young woman, who also came to the door, admitted that Mr. Williams hired a small hall room in the house to use it for business purposes, and that he used the room for a year, until about six weeks ago.

"What sort of work did he do in the room?" asked the reporter.

"Writing," replied the young man. "Did a woman come to the room?" "Yes. He and she came almost every day; sometimes in the morning, but generally in the evening. They were usually here from five to eight o'clock in the evening."

"Did he say what relation the woman bore to him?" "No, he didn't," said the young woman. "nobody asked him. He rented the room as an office, and it was furnished as such. There was no furniture in the room but a table and two chairs."

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waiting-room Bertha returned home with the avowed intention of following him to the end of the earth.

Owsley is 40 years old, and has been concerned in numerous escapades. Only last week a prominent citizen of Darlington fired three shots at him when he found him at his home with his wife.

Miss Wilson is 20 years old, and has been quite a social belle. Her father swears vengeance on the doctor.

A WOMAN PLUNGER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman who bets as high as a thousand dollars on a race is just now the object of a great deal of curiosity among the set which watches the races from the grand stand at Alexandria Island, Va. At the big tracks a woman whose wagers would average away up in the hundreds would not attract a great amount of attention, because there are scores of them who bet their money with the calm confidence of the veteran male plunger.

At the Island, however, where very few men, even the horse owners themselves, bet a thousand, the woman plunger has become a celebrity, and the messengers who place wagers in the ring for occupants of the stand are besieged with requests to point her out, which requests are generally refused; for, strange to say, the woman plunger shrinks from notoriety, and the messengers, probably for good and sufficient reasons, re-spect her wishes as far as in their power.

Whether she wins or loses, and it is the former more frequently, it seems to make very little difference, and it would be a hard matter for any one to judge from her manner at the finish whether her horse had come first or last. She bet \$1,000 on a horse to finish second on Friday against \$500, and she won the bet.

She is supposed to be several thousands ahead of the game so far. Her acquaintance with owners and jockeys seems to be very limited, and there is no record of her having applied to any of them for information. Some of the bookmakers say the woman plunger is just now enjoying a streak of luck, and that she will drop her winnings back in the ring eventually. Nobody seems to know her real name, but the grand stand habitués refer to her as Mrs. Lawrence, and it is understood that her home is in New York.

PRETTY BALLET SYLPHS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The girls who appear in the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York city, are not the class of ballet girls who lead the champagne-truffle existence one reads about in books; but honest, hard-working women, who regard their occupation as a matter of business, and go through with it as such. They play their parts, keep to themselves and mind their own affairs; then don their street costumes and go home, with the comforting knowledge of having earned their salaries and pleased their manager.

And as the little women—just like other ordinary women in every respect, and in most cases entirely devoid of paint and powder—slip through the stage door into the night, there are none of the beardless youth of fancy or fiction waiting outside with beating hearts and fat purses, aching to take the "fairies" off to Del's for a jolly supper.

Dear, no! The radiant ballet girls, transformed into ordinary women in dark gowns and small toque hats, walk quietly home, usually to husband and little ones, and take up the cares of a household, until it is time for rehearsal the next day. And rehearsals, by the way, are the horror of both ballet and chorus. In some of the operas they have little or nothing to do during the performance, but they are compelled to rehearse from three to four hours each day.

The ballet is composed mostly of Americans, though one of the most picturesque girls among them is a Swede, a tall, blond beauty named Ellen Rinquest, at whose superb figure all glasses were focussed during the grand ballet scene in "Faust." Miss Rinquest used to dance in the Royal Opera at Stockholm, which is supported by the Government.

The girls who join the ballet are taught, when very young, at the expense of the Government, which makes a sort of life contract with them. When they are too old to do service any longer they are pensioned off. No doubt this governmental process for the cultivation of operatic classical music is what puts the country of Europe so far ahead of America in all high arts.

Another pretty girl in this ballet is little Mrs. Sheehan, wife of the tenor of that name in the operatic company of the Bostonians. Mrs. Sheehan will leave the stage, however, at the close of this season's grand opera.

GEORGE F. GREENE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

George F. Greene is better known as Young Corbett. The Victor Athletic Club, of Tacoma, Wash., have offered a purse of \$2,500 for a fight between McAuliffe and Greene. The latter has successively defeated Billy Cramer, Eddy Toadvin, Billy Dooly, twice, Jack King, James Whelan, Spider Kelly and Frank Kelly. He was only defeated by Paddy Smith, at Roby, Ind., after 27 rounds of hot fighting.

CHARLES T. MAHONEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles T. Mahoney, the noted sporting man, whose portrait appears in this issue, is well known in all parts of the country. He lives in this city, and is a backer of game dogs. Mahoney is very popular in Sixth avenue and among the famous sporting resorts on Broadway, and he has a legion of friends.

WILLIAM CRUSH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William Crush, whose features are portrayed elsewhere in this issue, is the general passenger agent of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, with headquarters in Texas. He is a great favorite everywhere with travelling men and theatrical people.

A FATAL SIN.

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DOROTHY DENNING.

A JUNOESQUE SERPENTINE DANCER, NOTED FOR HER BEAUTY AS WELL AS HER SHAPELINESS.



SHOT HIS STEPDAUGHTER.

JOSEPH A. BEAN, IN A FURIOUS FIT OF INSANITY, BRUTALLY MURDERS
MRS. ANNIE L. LEAHY, AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.



WEDDED IN JAIL.

THE ROMANCE OF A TEXAS GIRL AND AN ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER'S
SON HAS A HAPPY TERMINATION, AT COLUMBUS, O.



FOUGHT IN THE GREENROOM.

A LITTLE INNOCENT FACE POWDER CAUSES A LIVELY ROW BETWEEN TWO NEW YORK CHORUS GIRLS.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

It Is Caused By White Caps
In Georgia.

SEVEN NEGROES ARE SHOT.

All Are Lynched By a Mob in Revenge
For an Unprovoked Murder.

WOMEN ARE HORRIBLY ABUSED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

I have just returned from a week's stay in Murray county, in Georgia, which is the centre of the region terrorized by the White Caps organization, which the United States authorities are endeavoring so hard to break up. The organization not only has existed there since the Ku Klux days of reconstruction, but it has grown so that it rules the entire county, dictating the politics, "regulating" the people, protecting the moonshiners and dealing out death to the informers and spies.

Credited to this organization are some of the blackest crimes in the history of the State—crimes that have gone unpunished because, by the perfection of the organization, the State courts have been rendered helpless—rendered so, too, because some of the most prominent men in Murray, Gordon and Whitfield counties have become members of the organization or have given it aid. The stories that have come from there have been traced to their sources, and the information upon which the United States authorities have been trying to secure convictions is thoroughly and completely substantiated.

The first stories that came to the District Attorney's office were from Deputy Marshal "Tom" Wright and two "moonshiners," "Jim" Chastain and W. I. Hammick. They declared that there was an oath-bound organization in Murray county, extending into Gilmer, Whitfield and Gordon counties, which embraced in its membership, not merely the illegal distillers, but the substantial farmers, the county officers, and in many cases the leading business and professional men and clergymen of four counties. It was organized many years ago by the distillers in the Cohutta and Fort Mountains.

Its purpose at first was to protect its members against informers and to furnish bonds for one another in case of arrest, and to procure witnesses who would swear in such a way as to effect the release of the man under arrest. Later on, as men in the valleys wanted protection from suspicion of informants, they joined the order to be aided still later by men seeking office who needed the votes they knew such adhesion would bring them. Between fear and flattery and hope of reward, this organization spread until it covered all the counties named, and even beyond. Later the name was changed to that of the "Regulators," as it now stands, or, in the ordinary parlance of the common people there, the Ku Klux.

It has more than eight hundred members in the three counties of Murray, Gordon and Whitfield. They stand together as one man in politics and everything else. In its ranks are many of the preachers living in the territory named.

Hammick was badly shot and crippled by the men whom he betrayed. Sixty members of the society went one night to the cabin of Hammick's father to blow it up with dynamite, and thus destroy the lives of men, women and children. The barking of a faithful watch dog awoke the inmates, and a few discharges of shot-guns sent the marauders scurrying down the mountain.

With Chastain they were more successful. He went up the mountain one night, since which time nothing has been heard of him. Since the development of the Roper story, a few weeks later, it is probable that the body of Chastain, with no one knows how many others, lies at the bottom of the pits which are to be found all along the mountain sides in that county.

It was not alone in punishing the informer that the society is used. It is part of their obligation as grand jurors to see that no indictments are found, and as petit jurors to see that such indictments as did get through the Grand Jury should be made nugatory by refusals to find verdicts of guilty. In the emergency the State Solicitor has been forced to nolle prosequi numerous cases in which he was satisfied of the guilt of the accused, but could not rely upon his jurors for verdicts. In the cases where there were convictions the clan stood ready to break jail and set the convict at liberty.

A notorious case in point was that of Tom Hill, a murderer, who was released on the night following his conviction, and is now at large. The two crimes which have made the regulators most notorious were the attempted murder of Will Roper and the brutal killing of Henry Worley. Roper, who was sleeping with a neighbor, near Fort Mountain, was awakened by a band of men at midnight, placed on a horse and driven several miles to one of the old copper pits in the side of the Cohuttas. These pits, which are to be found all the way down from Bucktown, in Tennessee, were dug half a century ago, during the copper mining excitement. Some of them are filled with debris, while others, which were very deep, have been only partially filled.

It was into one of these, now seventy feet deep, but originally eighty, that the midnight murderers threw Roper. With a kick, he was sent into the chasm, a dozen bullets flying after him, which struck all parts of his body, and the men turned away, satisfied that nothing more would ever be heard of Roper. For three days some of the clan would come and look down the hole to see if there had been any disturbance. The fifth day a neighbor, hunting for a cow, observing the many tracks around the pit, approached it and looked

down. Roper, considerably more dead than alive, was rescued, came back to consciousness under the care of physicians, was brought to Atlanta, and after a while was able to tell his story.

The story of the Worley tragedy has already been told. Worley was, by his own account, "the gamest man in the mountains," and after making his escape in a marvellous manner from the lynchers' noose he was shot down in cold blood by four agents of the gang. Worley's own mother, wife and brother are said to have had a hand directly or indirectly in his death.

United States Deputy Marshal Tom Wright, who made the arrests which first led to the disclosures cited above, is himself now under arrest. Wright has been known for years as a notorious law breaker in Murray county. He is an appointee of the present administration. Many stories are told of his recklessness and his crimes. The assault on the home of a man named Chandler several years ago was most thrilling.

Chandler and his wife had recently come into the country from South Carolina, and by some means had incurred the dislike of the members of the clan. It was shortly after midnight one night that the cabin home of Chandler was surrounded by a strong of men in masks. A detail broke in the door, seized the affrighted man, and, taking him out, stripped him of all his clothes, and with trace chains and plow lines began to flog him until the blood coursed down his back. The terrified wife, held back by two strong men, was forced to look upon the scene. At last, by a superhuman effort, she broke their grasp, ran to the chief lasher of the party, snatched his mask from his face, and there stood exposed to view the face of the man who was afterward chosen to be deputy United States Marshal.

Chandler was afterward run out of the country to keep him from being a witness in the case against the clan. Mrs. Chandler, scared almost to insanity, hid in the woods when the court met, and it was only by the utmost diligence of Judge Milner that she was found. So well had the Ku Klux played their game, however, that it was of no use to proceed with the case, and Mrs. Chandler was only saved from further violence.

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Isom had a large number of near relatives and friends in the country. When they heard of his unprovoked murder they armed themselves and swore vengeance.

After the capture of McCall and the Herring boys the pursuit was continued. The pursuing party was augmented from time to time until it numbered more than four hundred.

When it developed that the same gang of negroes had sworn to kill other white men, the whites banded themselves together as with one accord, and started on their work of revenge.

The killing of Marshal Keister, of Spring Place, has also been covered up and the perpetrator spirited away. And so the story might be extended indefinitely, a weary rehearsal of intrigue, intimidation and murder, enough to make a man doubt if he was living in a land of law and order.

Brooks county, on the southern border of Georgia, is in a fever of excitement over the lynching of seven negroes in revenge for the killing of one white man, and unless all signs fail many more persons, both white and colored, will lose their lives before the trouble is ended.

Thus far the following negroes have met their deaths at the hands of an angry mob of white citizens:

FRAZER, ELI, shot.
PIKE, SAMUEL, shot.
SHERWOOD, HARRY, shot.
TAYLOR, SAMUEL, shot.

THREE NEGROES, names unknown, reported killed. Several negroes of both sexes are in jail. That they, too, will be taken out and hanged or shot appears almost certain.

Two bodies of armed and determined men, each numbering between 400 and 500, the one white, the other colored, and separated by less than a mile of country, are liable to clash at any moment. Each side is actuated by bitter hate and revenge. When they meet a heavy

blows are exchanged in and around a lot of negro cabins in the midst of a thick grove of cottonwood trees, and the latest information is that the whites are advancing on them from two sides.

I learned later, further particulars of the killing of four of the negroes. Sam Taylor, stepfather of Waverly Pike, was seen slipping through the woods. He was seized and asked to reveal young Pike's hiding place. He refused to comply and was shot in his tracks. Samson Pike, the murderer's father, met the same fate.

Ell Frazer, at whose house Pike stopped on the day of the murder, was captured and given the alternative of revealing Pike's whereabouts or being killed. He was shot dead before he had a chance to say anything.

Harry Sherwood, a boon companion of Pike, was also caught and shot. Mrs. Pike, the murderer's wife, was also captured. She refused to tell where her husband had concealed himself, and was taken to jail.

Capt. E. Tillman, the murdered man's father-in-law, is doing everything in his power to restrain the whites. He has hurried messengers all over the county summoning to his aid conservative men, in the hope that they will prevent further bloodshed.

Many of Isom's neighbors, who are in the crowd of pursuers, will not listen to any peaceful talk. They declare that for the sake of their wives and children, as well as for their own safety, they must stamp out the gang of negroes who have sworn to murder some of their number.

The whites have had terrible provocation to feel as they do. Mr. Mouldin, a peaceful and respectable citizen was shot down, without provocation, in the public highway three weeks ago by two worthless negroes, who are now in jail.

It was openly stated that while Mouldin's life blood was flowing out by the roadside, a gang of negroes, exulting over the deed of their associates, danced about the body, shouting with glee and threatening to kill many more white men before the end of the month.

The whites endured this outrage in silence, but when the news was spread of Isom's murder, they determined to endure no longer, but to wreak vengeance upon the murderers.

Pike, the murderer of Isom, has not yet been captured. If he is caught, he will probably be tortured before being put to death.

SHE USED HER PISTOL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sheriff Douthitt has been called to Elwood, Pa., to guard the non-union employees of the tin-plate mill which has been put in operation.

About sixty men and women are at work. Susie Weaver, a Pittsburgh, Pa., girl employed in the mill, was jeered on her way home by some women sympathizers of the former employees. She drew a 42-calibre revolver, fired several shots in the air and the women beat a hasty retreat. It is rumored that threats have been made to burn the hotel where the workmen are quartered, and it is closely guarded.

THOMAS SHARKEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas Sharkey is the champion middle-weight of the United States Navy. The following is a list of his various battles: Fought an eight round draw with Nick Burly, of San Francisco; beat J. Langly, of H. M. S. "Champion," in eight rounds; beat "Rough" Thompson, of the same ship, in two rounds; beat Matt Mulverhill, of San Francisco, in twenty rounds. His last match was with "Sailor" Brown. He knocked him down seven times in the first round and had him out, but "Sailor" clinched to avoid a knockout, when Sharkey threw him bodily from him, thereby losing the fight on a foul.

DOROTHY DENNING.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dorothy Denning is a handsome dancer, whose shapeless outlines are familiar to New York theatre goers. She was at Koster & Bial's for a long time and frequently appears at the several theatres directed by B. F. Keith, the originator of the continuous performance. Miss Denning comes from Buffalo, N. Y., where she had a prominent social position.

CARL VICTOR.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Carl Victor, the champion amateur weight-lifter of Indiana. Victor belongs to Evansville, Ind., and he has made quite a reputation lifting big weights and dumbbells. Victor has issued a challenge to Sampson, Kennedy and other strong men.

GUSTAVE WALTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gustave Walters is a prominent theatrical man, who is very popular on the Pacific Coast. At present he successfully directs the fortunes of the Orpheum Theatre, at San Francisco. A good likeness of Mr. Walters appears in this issue.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

No. 8 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A bounding in thrilling situations, and illustrated by 59 elegant pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

lence by leaving the town under the personal protection of Judge Milner.

These men are charged with the brutal treatment of the Thurman family. The Thurman family consisted of a father, seventy years of age; a mother, sixty-five years old, and a twenty-year-old daughter, Miss Vada Thurman. The three were asleep when the bursting open of the door and the entrance of a dozen men, masked and bearing torches, awoke them. Two men held Mrs. Thurman, while others, seizing the father and daughter, marched them out into the front yard, where with short leather straps they unmercifully flogged the two victims.

"Pa is an old man," shouted Miss Vada to the miscreants, "and cannot stand that. I am willing to suffer twice as much if you will let go of him." But no such appeal could reach the stony hearts of these men, who piled the straps until blood flowed from the backs of both. Mrs. Thurman escaped from the hands of the two men who held her, and ran to the aid of her daughter.

"Let's give the old hell cat a dose, too," exclaimed the man who held the longest strap. Instantly the covering was torn from the shoulders of the mother, and blow after blow descended, until her flesh was lacerated and beaten almost into a jelly of flesh and blood.

On the other side of Murray county lies Whitfield, which has also been terrorized by the secret clan, in this case much bolder, because it has the temerity to invade a large town like Dalton, where it captured the town Marshals, stationed sentinels at every corner and proceeded with its work of housebreaking and murder.

This was noticeably so in the case of the murder of a negro, Wilson, several years ago. A mob of about one hundred entered the town and proceeded to the house of one Moyer, where the regulators proceeded to whip him.

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Awful Fate of a Curious Young Woman.

WANTED TO SEE THE SHOW.

A Pretty Woman and a Prominent Doctor of East Buffalo, N. Y., Elope.

SHE TOOK HER HUSBAND'S MONEY.

They had a surprise out in La Grange, a Chicago suburb, the other night, and a young woman accomplished the amazement with one leg, thrust through the plaster ceiling of the schoolhouse where La Grange society was holding that fine old form of innocent church-members' entertainment known as a "district school." She did not mean to introduce either new features or unexpected anatomy into the proceedings, but by common consent she added greatly to the evening's entertainment, more, perhaps, than the ladies and gentlemen who had all of their physiology on the ground floor more or less covered and, as it were, esoteric, and left to the imagination.

What happened seems to have been this: La Grange society decided to hold a district school like they used to have in the old times before the war: Mr. Burkholder was appointed schoolmaster for the night, and everybody who was anybody in La Grange was there. There was Col. Dan Munn and Judge Horton and President Horton of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, G. J. Corey, Fred Tisworth, of the Elgin Watch Company, J. W. Ward, and, in fact, all of the upper air and solar walk of La Grange, together with their sisters, cousins, aunts and relations by marriage, such as wives and mothers-in-law. They district schooled until district schooling palled upon repetition, and everybody was just beginning to wish that he had not come, when suddenly they were glad they had. There was a crack in the ceiling, then a crash, then a cloud of plaster dust, then a muffled scream, and then a distinctly feminine limb, which kept coming down and coming down, past the neat garter with rather a high heel, past the hostility to the garter, until strong men shuddered and even the bravest held his breath for a time. The leg wiggled and displaced more plaster, which served some of the inhuman observers right, because it got into their eyes. Then it began to disappear, and finally was lost into the ceiling again, back into the enfolding mystery of the unknown whence it had come like a dove's wing in Owen Khayyam, that beat its way from night to night by the poet's fire.

After everybody had finished laughing an explanation was sought and furnished by a badly scared janitor. Some of his young lady friends wanted to see the show, so he had taken them up into the unfloured attic, where they could view it through the ventilator. The particular young woman who had so nearly broken into La Grange society was of a stout build and of an experimental bent of mind. He had told her not to tread on the laths between the joists, but she heeded him not, woe worth the day, and if it had not been for the way in which she fell she would have arrived below. No, she was not hurt, and he would not tell her name. She was a good girl and she had already gone home crying.

Gossips in the neighborhood of Teutonia Park, East Buffalo, N. Y., have been discussing what they regard as the biggest sensation known in that section of Buffalo for years. The facts did not gain circulation until the other day, when they were reported to the police.

Dr. Samuel H. Lynde, a handsome young physician, whose office and residence were at 1294 Fillmore avenue, and Mrs. John Baker, a pretty woman of No. 102 French street, have eloped. This is the sensation, and the details are more than ordinarily interesting.

Mr. Baker and his young wife took up their residence at No. 102 French street five years ago, and at about the same time Dr. Lynde began the practice of medicine, with his office on Fillmore avenue, only three blocks distant. Two years later Mr. and Mrs. Baker's little boy was unfortunate enough to break one of his legs, and Dr. Lynde was called to attend him. During his visits to the Baker household he became better and better acquainted with both husband and wife, especially the latter, as Mr. Baker was at home only at night.

The neighbors say the doctor made unnecessary calls at the house while the husband was away, and it soon became evident that Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker's relations were more than of a friendly nature. They acted like lovers and were together a good share of the time during the day. After the boy, who was then seven years old, was able to use his limbs again, Mrs. Baker was a frequent caller at the doctor's house on Fillmore avenue. Then he bought a horse and buggy and the two often went driving together.

When the neighbors hinted to Mr. Baker that he'd better look after his wife more closely, he replied: "Oh, you're jealous. The doctor is a friend of both Mrs. Baker and myself. She goes driving with him because she is in delicate health and I am paying him for his services." After this the neighbors talked and gossiped among themselves and said no more to the husband, over whose eyes the wool had been so cleverly pulled. On Sunday Lynde would take Baker out for a drive and make a great deal of him, giving him expensive cigars and occasionally tickets to the theatre. Events went along in this manner until last week when the climax came in the form of an elopement. Mrs. Baker visited the doctor's house and together they packed his trunk. Before doing this Lynde sent his

housekeeper, Mrs. Oaks, away on an errand. When she returned the house was locked and she was unable to get in. She went to a neighbor's house and remained until 4 o'clock, when she saw one of Miller's wagons driven up to the doctor's house and drive away again with a trunk and two big boxes.

After this Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker went away together and Mrs. Oaks has not seen them since. However, Dr. Lynde and Mrs. Baker were seen together at the latter's home and toward night one of Miller's wagons went there and carried away two trunks, one of which is supposed to have been Dr. Lynde's. An hour after this happened a carriage stopped in front of the Baker home and the doctor and Mrs. Baker went away in it. They have not been seen or heard of since. The carriage with its occupants has been traced to the Central Station and the runaway pair are thought to have gone to Chicago.

It is said that Dr. Lynde before leaving sold his practice, horse and buggy, instruments, books, etc., to Dr. Lavan, for \$300, and that he left several merchants at East Buffalo with good-sized bills against him. He took his medical diplomas with him and evidently intends to resume the practice of medicine wherever he has gone.

Mrs. Baker drew \$580 from one of the savings banks, which had been left her by a relative who died a short time ago. It is reported, too, that she took several hundred dollars belonging to her husband with which he intended to pay up the mortgage on their home. Some of the neighbors told the police the amount was \$1,700. Mrs. Oaks, the doctor's housekeeper, is left with nothing but her late employer's debts to pay and collectors keep the door-bell busy from morning until night. She has three small children to support and the house rent has not been paid for two months. Mrs. Baker was a member of the Women's Guild at the corner of Genesee and Hickory streets, and when not in Dr. Lynde's company was said to take a prominent part in church work.

People living in the vicinity of the doctor's late resi-

When the clerk got as far as this the judge stopped his reading and looked up with something like surprise in his eyes. The bar became hushed, while every eye that could be focused on the form in the dock was turned upon it with steady, unwavering intensity. Some put on their specs, while others removed them. All moved a little nearer to the clerk's desk. The persons in the seats at the rear crowded forward and hung themselves here and there over the bar rail.

"What did he say she was?" questioned one.

"She's a man," responded his neighbor.

"That's a woman all right," said a third, while a fourth was willing to let the matter rest by remarking, "I'm hanged if I know what it is."

The clerk continued his reading, which in effect was that the said Stella, alias Reginald, had defrauded the home out of three pounds of bread valued at 10 cents, and one pound of beef, valued at 25 cents, all the property of the said home. All this time the object of so much attention stood as straight as a statue before the paling. The hair, which is jet black, fell in a series of most bewitching curls down low over the forehead, whence, in graceful curves, it passed over either ear. From the crown of the head it fell in straight lines well down on the neck as far as the lower edge of the coat collar. That it had been cut within the year was apparent from its stiffness and length. A plentifully decorated hat, of the poke bonnet species, covered all. The eyes, full, dark and liquid, were shaded by penciled brows and wavy lashes. They appeared to be ever in motion, and coquettishly flitted from object to object before and about the possessor. The face was a large one, regular in outline and pleasingly heightened by a studied application of rouge on either cheek. The nose was a perfect type of what artists are pleased to term Grecian, while the mouth was small and dimpled. The lips were red and ripe, and enclosed a perfect set of white, pearly teeth. The chin was pointed, small and feminine. The bust was full and rounded and the shoulders receding. A crepe de chine scarf was caught

cannot help looking upon this masquerading as a very serious matter. You want to go back?"

"O, yes. I am tired of Boston, Judge."

After musing a while, his Honor finally said that he would continue the case. He fixed his or her bonds at \$200, and then he or she retired to the Tomba.

SHOT HIS STEPDAUGHTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A horrible murder was committed in the northeast section of Washington, D. C. Joseph A. Bean shot and killed his stepdaughter, Mrs. Annie L. Leahy, sending five bullets into her body. When the deed was done and she lay on the floor in a pool of blood, he kicked and stamped upon her dying victim. The noise of the shooting drew a number of citizens to the scene of the shooting, but the murderer held them at bay, threatening them with his still smoking revolver. Congressman George D. Melkeljohn, of Nebraska, who was on his way home from the Capitol, heard the shots, and hastening to the scene succeeded, unaided, in capturing the murderer. Bean is a carpenter by trade, but of late has been of dissolute habits, and for two months has not lived with his wife, who became tired of supporting him in idleness.

Bean went to the house and as soon as he was inside he commenced firing at Mrs. Leahy. The frightened woman turned and fled, leaving a trail of blood behind her. She took refuge in the kitchen, and while his victim covered in the corner poured a volley of bullets at her from two pistols, holding one in either hand. The woman fell. Maddened by the sight of blood, the man fairly stamped upon her upturned face, with the ferocity of a wild beast. He then walked out of the house, reloading his pistols as he went. Meanwhile a crowd had gathered, and several policemen rushed to arrest the murderer, but he called to them that he would shoot the first who approached, and for a moment they hesitated. At this moment Congressman Melkeljohn appeared. He wears the Mason's charn, and Bean noticed it. "Are you a Mason?" he cried to the congressman.

"Yes," answered the latter, approaching.

"So am I," shouted the murderer, "and a Grand Army man. I have killed a woman and they are trying to kill me. I want you to protect me."

While Bean was saying this the Congressman slipped around behind him and pinioned his arms. In a moment he gained possession of the weapons and handed them over to the police, who took Bean to the station. Mr. Melkeljohn then quietly continued his journey home. It is thought Bean is insane. He does not appear to regret his deed, which he says was an act of humanity.

FOUTHT IN THE GREENROOM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a fight in one of the dressing rooms at the Imperial Music Hall a few nights ago, in which two young women were the participants. Both perform in a burlesque, in which about thirty young women take part.

In one scene Miss Queenie Thornton and Miss Josephine Stewart are prominent figures. Later in the play they appear as part of a sextet and sing and dance.

The six young women dress in the same room, and they were awaiting their cue to appear upon the stage, when some one threw flour on Miss Thornton's hat. She is usually good-natured, but easily offended, and, while she did not know who was guilty of the act, she berated the other girls.

Just as the cue was given for the girls to leave their room and hold themselves in readiness to appear on the stage, all hands made a rush from the room. In getting out, Miss Thornton's hat was knocked from her head, and she, seeing Miss Stewart behind her and the hat badly injured, addressed her angrily.

Miss Stewart denied being the aggressor, and sharp words followed, until finally Miss Thornton struck Miss Stewart with her fist. The latter returned the blow, and in a second both women were engaged in a battle.

They pulled each other's hair, and the other girls in the dressing-room screamed for help.

Charles B. Ward, a song writer, who plays the part of a tramp in the burlesque, and half a dozen others tried to separate the combatants, but they held on to each other's hair until Manager Kraus was called, and he soon separated the pugilists. He also settled the dispute by dismissing Miss Thornton and fining Miss Stewart.

WEDDED IN JAIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James N. Bray, reputed son of an English army officer of high rank, arrived at the Ohio Penitentiary from Cleveland a few days ago. He came to that city a few months ago and purchased costly furniture on the installment plan, sold it, and without paying for it, went to Houston, Tex., where he was arrested.

The arrest interfered with his marriage there to Miss Grace Hugo, but she followed him to Cleveland and the wedding took place in the jail. The young man's father sent him \$300 to square matters, and while the firm he had beaten was willing to settle, the Prosecutor would not allow it. Wealthy and influential citizens vainly tried to save the accused. They will try to secure a pardon for him from Gov. McKinley.

HARRY L. SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Harry L. Smith is a well-known sporting man who hails from the South. At present, he is located at Easton, Pa. He has a large amount of confidence in Corbett and is willing to bet any amount on the champion.

The Boston Athletic Association has requested Manager Corbin, of the Chicago Athletic Association, to select a team of boxers to represent the city of Chicago at its annual boxing tournament, to be held on January 19. The Bostonians will offer the winner of each bout a handsome trophy, besides meeting the expenses of the team.

THE BEST BOXING GLOVES.

All the leading Athletic Clubs and professionals endorse the "Police Gazette" Boxing Gloves. Three grades—Amateur, Exhibition and Champion. They are the best and cheapest made. For prices see heading of Sporting News on page 10.



SHE BROKE THROUGH THE CEILING.

dence tell some shocking stories of what they have seen going on in the house where Mrs. Baker was there. Had the curtains been of thicker material, and the light turned lower, perhaps the facts would be known only to those directly concerned, but evidently the doctor didn't think far enough to take the precautions which he would have had he known what a successful pair of pantomimists he and Mrs. Baker were. When Baker lost his job at the Wagner Car Works a short time ago, Dr. Lynde secured another for him at Depew. Mr. Baker is doing all he can to find a trace of his runaway wife and the police are assisting him.

Dr. Lynde is a tall, fair-faced man about 30 years old. He has light hair, which he parts in the middle, and always dresses well. He is a smooth talker and a pleasant man to meet. He is a graduate of the Buffalo University of Medicine, and is well-known.

Mrs. Baker, while not handsome, is a good looking brunette, with dark eyes and hair. She has been married about 12 years and is 31 years old.

*

"Stella Angel!" As clerk Ingalls called the name in a Boston, Mass., courtroom, a female form divine rose out of the blackness of the pit until the small smile came to the level of the dock paling. There it stopped and awaited the further pleasure of the clerk.

Judge Burke kept on reading some papers which a moment or so before had been passed to him by one of the attending policemen. Persons within the bar inclosure, scarcely noticing the words of the clerk, carried on a lively conversation in a low voice, while the less favored habitues of the municipal court yawned and dozed on the benches on either side of the department of justice.

"Stella Angel," continued the clerk, adjusting his glasses and reading from a complaint which he held in his hand, "you are charged with going to the temporary home for women, on the 9th inst., with the intent to cheat and defraud the said home. Being a male, and wearing the paraphernalia of a woman, you represented to the clerk that you were a woman, and gave the name of Stella Angel, whereas your true name is Reginald Culton."

AN UNFAITHFUL WIFE.
By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors, No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 53 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

under the chin in a single knot, and hung over the breast as low down as the waist. A long, light-colored sack encased the form and fell in a graceful wave even to the middle of the thighs. The dress was a tight-fitting one of dark material and admirably adapted to the form. The hands were covered with light tanned gloves which evidently had seen much service.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.

Stella, or Reginald, inclined the head with what was intended as an assent, while the eyes seemed to dance with coquettishness. He, or she, tried to speak, but for a moment appeared to have lost control of the organ of speech.

"Why are you dressed like this?" asked the court.

The prisoner hemmed and hawed a few times and then replied in a feminine voice, slightly broken, "Because I couldn't do anything in male attire, Judge."

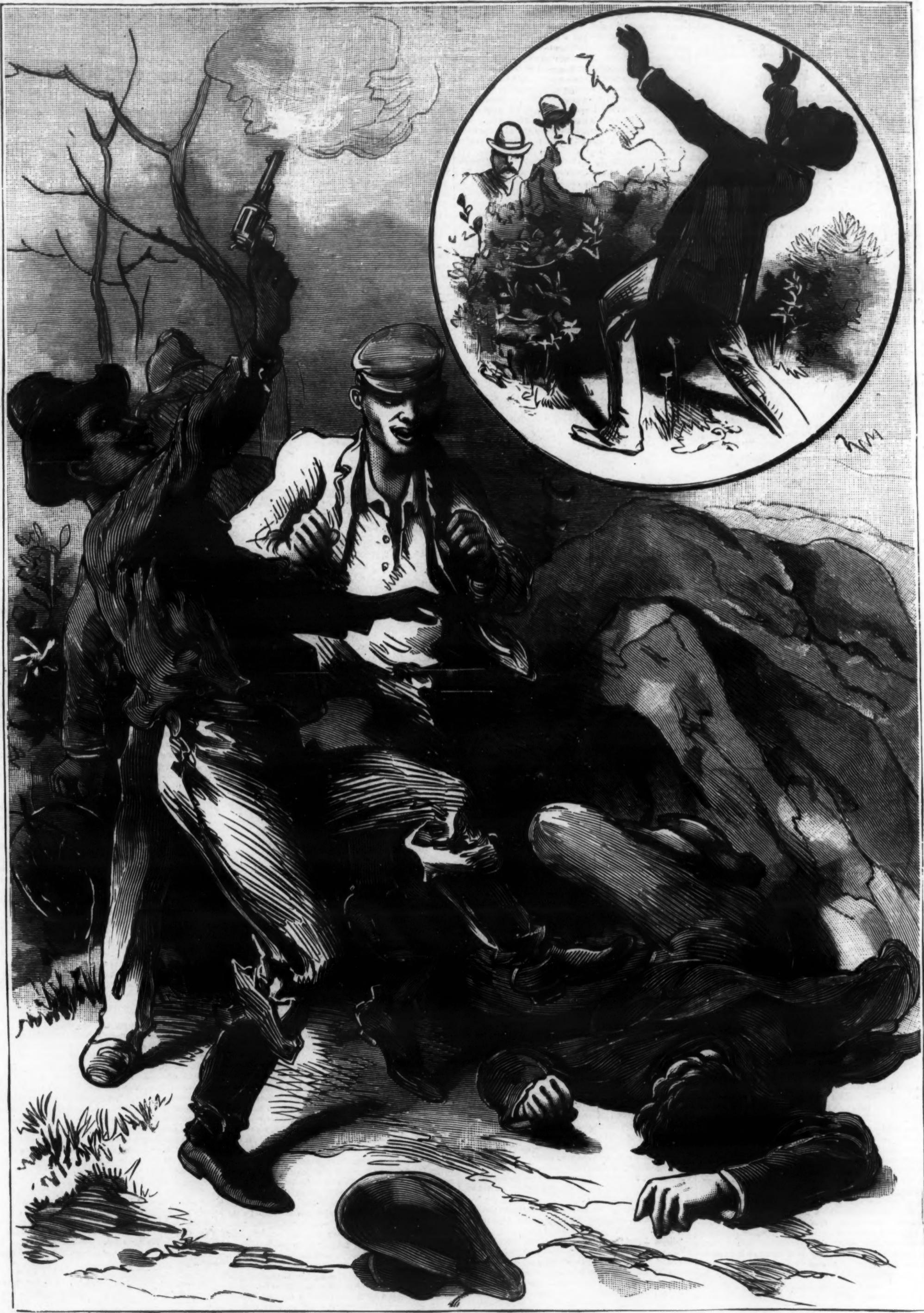
"Don't you know that it is dangerous to go about masquerading in women's clothes?"

"I'm not masquerading, Judge. When I went to the home I did not mean to lodge with the women. It was like this. Judge: I was sick and was sent to the hospital. When I came out I went to see a lady friend of mine where I had lodged, and who lives next to the home, and she told me to go. That was why I went there."

"Where do you come from?" asked the court, now thoroughly interested in the individual before him.

"From New Glasgow, N. S., Judge. Why do I wear girl's clothes? Well, down where I belong the boys used to call me 'issy' so persistently that I went away. I thought that perhaps I would have better luck in Halifax, so thither I went. I had not been long there before I was arrested for wearing men's clothes and brought before the court. It was after that and to save myself from further annoyance that I dressed as a woman. Before I did it I consulted a lawyer in Nova Scotia, and he told me that I could wear anything I pleased, provided I appeared becomingly upon the streets. Why can't I wear these clothes as well as girls who ride bicycles wear pantaloons? I should think that I have as much right to dress as a woman as Mary Walker has to wear pants."

"Well," said the court, somewhat reflectively, "when you could deceive a physician attendant upon you I



A REIGN OF TERROR.

BANDS OF BOTH RACES CONFRONT EACH OTHER IN GEORGIA AND A BATTLE IS IMMINENT—NEGROES HOWL WITH GLEE OVER ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS AND VOW TO KILL OTHERS.



SHE USED HER PISTOL.

A PLUCKY PITTSBURG GIRL CALMLY HOLDS AT BAY A CROWD OF JEERING WOMEN, AT ELWOOD, PA.



A MODERN DON JUAN.

AN IRATE GIRL FORCES A GAY AND FESTIVE PHYSICIAN TO ELOPE WITH HER, AT LEBANON, IND.

IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD

**Joe Choyinski and Tommy Ryan
Going to England.**

THE DIXON AND GRIFFO FIGHT

**Fitzsimmons' Arrangements For Training
For His Match Completed.**

CREEDON TO MEET PETER BERNAU.

The finish fight between Mike Leonard and Charley Barnett has been declared off.

Jim Daly and Frank Moynihan have been matched to fight 10 rounds on Jan. 15 in Jamestown, N. Y.

The glove fight between Ted Pritchard and Dick Burge is to be decided in the National Sporting Club, London, on Feb. 15.

Stanton Abbott and Jimmy Handie are to fight to a finish at the Eureka Athletic Club, of Washington, D. C., Jan. 15.

Charley Elshner is matched to fight Kid Hogan 10 rounds for \$500 purses. The fight is to take place in Cincinnati on Jan. 8.

The Cribb Club, of Boston, will shortly hold another contest in which Joe Walcott and Billy Smith will very likely be the stars.

Casper Leon, who recently gave Jim Barry the best battle he ever fought, has challenged Barry to fight to a finish for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Tom O'Rourke says that Dixon will weigh about 123 pounds when he fights young Griff, before the Seaside Athletic Club, on January 19.

Ginger Stewart, one of the best lightweight boxers in England, has been matched to fight Arthur Valentine for £100 a side and a purse.

Mike Haley is in Paris. He writes that he has found a boxer who possesses great fighting abilities, and he intends bringing him to this country.

Jerry Marshall and Jimmy Dime have been matched to fight before the Seaside Athletic Club of Coney Island on the night of the Dixon-Griff "go."

Pat Daly, the American boxer, who is in London, and Harry Nickless are to be matched for £300 a side, that is, if Mike Haley finds the £300 for Daly.

There is talk here of several big matches in the rings of the Seaside and Atlantic Clubs in the near future, but there is no certainty of their taking place.

Advices from the "Police Gazette" correspondent at St. Louis state that it appears that Peter Jackson is still under the management of Parsons Davis.

Johann Van Heest and Solly Smith, the featherweight pugilists, were arraigned as vagabonds in the Police Court in Buffalo last week and ordered to leave town.

Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," and J. Macleuski, have been matched to fight ten rounds. The bout is scheduled to take place in Cincinnati, Ohio, soon.

Tom Williams, of Australia, and Lachie Thomson, the Scotch champion, are to be matched for £300 a side and a purse. The match should be a gift for Williams.

Eugene Hornbacher offers to fight Danny McBride a limited number of rounds or to a finish before the New York or Atlantic Athletic Club for a suitable purse.

Martin Denny, the Australian lightweight, who offers to meet any boxer in the world at 130 pounds, is soon to come to this country to be matched with Jimmy Dime.

Mick Dunn, of Australia, says that unless he can get something to do quickly he will sail for England. He is willing to box any 150 pound man now before the public.

The contest between Tom Brown and Harry Gross has been declared off by the club, as Brown could not get to weight, and the club would not agree to let his box at catch weights.

George Dixon, of Boston, and Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, have been matched to fight in May next for \$1,000 and the championship. The place of the meeting has not been decided upon.

Jack Hall, of Australia, who was knocked out by Joe Walcott in 25 seconds in Madison Square Garden, a little over a year ago, defeated Alf Denereau in 4 rounds in London on Dec. 6.

Jack Hanley, the Philadelphia lightweight, has requested Billy Madden to match him against any 135-pound pugilist for a purse and stake, the contest to take place before the Buffalo Athletic Club.

Horace M. Leeds will not secure many matches, for he will not fight anyone unless the stakes are \$1,500 or \$2,000 a side. If he would fight for \$1,000 a side he would not be long looking for a match.

Dick Burge has issued a challenge to fight any man in the world at 143 pounds for £500 or £1,000 a side. He will agree to fight in America if he is guaranteed £100 for expenses, whether he fights or not.

Jimmy Dime, the Loomister boxer, does not have a high opinion of the boxing abilities of Jerry Sullivan, of Worcester, for he offers to box in 3 rounds if the friends of Sullivan will only make a good wager.

Billy Madden is going to send to England for Arthur Valentine. The latter is one of the best lightweights in England, and he recently issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 133 pounds, for £200 a side.

There was a glove fight at Alexanderville, Ohio, recently, between Harry Long and Calvin Forsythe, heavyweight amateur of Dayton. Long knocked out Forsythe in the third round. The winner got the gate receipts, \$75.

Fred Johnson, the ex-champion featherweight of England, is ready to meet Jerry Marshall, winner to take all the purse. Johnson will meet Dave Wallace in the National Sporting Club, London, the last week of January.

The Wair, the Belfast Spider, has been offered the position of collector for a Boston brewery. He probably will accept, though he would like to have another go with some of the noted featherweights before taking the position.

Jack Flannigan, of Wellington, Kings Co., Washington Territory, has forwarded a challenge to the POLICE GAZETTE to fight any man west of the Rocky Mountains for \$1,000 a side. Flannigan is better known as Liverpool Jack.

Jack Grace and "California" Jack Dempsey are going to fight to a finish for \$1,000 a side and a purse on Jan. 12. The men will weigh in at the ringgate at 136 pounds. The battle will be decided near Kensington, Philadelphia.

At New Orleans, Dec. 21, Kid Lavigne and party were discharged by Judge Auholt on the finding of the Coroner's jury that Bowen, the prize fighter, had met his death by concussion of the brain produced by striking the unpadding floor of the ring.

Peter Bernau, the Texas pugilist, who is matched to fight Dan Creedon to a finish on January 19, had a three-round argument with Steve O'Donnell in Galveston on Dec. 25. In the third round O'Donnell nearly finished Bernau.

Charley Skelly, of Brooklyn, and Jack Bates, of New York, fought to a finish with small gloves on Dec. 26, near New York. Skelly won a deserved victory in the seventh round by knocking out Bates with a left-hander on the chin.

Billy Ahern says: "All the 135-pound boxers are afraid to fight me for \$500 to \$1,000. Jim McCabe, my backer, does not bar any of them. Any boxer wanting to meet me at 135 pounds has only to put up a deposit, and the match can be arranged."

Kid Hogan, of Pittsburgh, who defeated Bud Lally, before the West End Athletic Club, and Charley Slusher, the well-known lightweight, of Louisville, are to meet before the West End Athletic Club a ten-round glove contest on the evening of Jan. 8.

Jim Kendrick, the veteran boxer, of England, who met Jack Magee at the Bay State Club, in this city, several years ago, is giving the game another try. He entered in a competition in London recently and won one bout, but lost in the semi-finals.

The Victor Athletic Club, of Tacoma, Wash., through its president, J. H. McIntyre, has authorized an offer of \$3,500 for a fight to a finish between George F. Green (Young Corbett) and Jack McAuliffe, the match to take place during February next.

The Seaside Athletic Club expects to make the Young Griff and George Dixon contests a big success. O'Rourke says Dixon defeated Griff when they met in Boston but did not receive a fair decision. He is confident that Dixon will get fair play this time.

Peter Jackson laughs at what he terms Frank Craig's assurance in challenging him to a fight. He says Craig has never defeated a good second-class heavyweight, and if he did agree to arrange a match with Craig the sporting public would look upon it as a nonsensical match.

Dick Baker, of Laurel Hill, and Danny Ryan, of Green-point, L. I., two old rivals, met Dec. 26, in Brooklyn, in a hot contest. Both men fought hard, Baker being exceptionally strong and clever. A blow in the wind in the seventeenth round knocked all the fighting out of Ryan.

The veteran Jim Mace, of England, ex-champion of the world, must be in a bad way financially, for he has decided to sell all the trophies that were presented to him when he was the kingpin of the arena. The other day a part of them were sold at auction in London for a little over \$250.

Dick Moore has returned to Boston from England. He was treated well by the English sporting people, and expects to make another trip to England. He makes no excuses for his defeat at the hands of Jerry Driscoll, and he has been offered another chance to meet Driscoll, which he has not yet decided to accept.

There is considerable talk of matching Jack Everhardt, the lightweight champion of the South, against George Lavigne, of Saginaw, the winner of the Lavigne-Bowen fight. Everhardt is now under the management of Henry Wenger, and Wenger is as anxious as Everhardt to get on a match with any lightweight.

Recently at Coolgardie, Australia, Herbert McNeil, a lightweight, beat Tom Lee, the ex-champion heavyweight of Australia, in a six-round bare knuckle contest. The men are now matched to meet in a final battle for a purse. McNeil is only a youngster and is looked upon as a coming man in the far-off land.

Jack McAuliffe says he will post a forfeit and issue a challenge to fight any lightweight in the world. He also says that the Atlantic Athletic Club will probably adopt a new policy in holding their tournaments hereafter. A certain number of tickets will be issued, and only the best pair of the ring will receive them. In this way McAuliffe believes that the club will prosper.

The billiard tournament between Fournil and Gallagher in New York ended in the Frenchman winning. The grand total, 3,000; average 16.6-31, best run 159, and Gallagher's score was total score 320; grand total, 1,421; average 10.2-3, best run 41.

George Grant, of Plymouth, Ind., the long-distance champion runner of Indiana has forwarded a challenge to J. J. Eggerichs or any man in Indiana from any distance from five to twenty miles, or six days, two hours a day, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

Meredith Stanley, the champion bridge jumper of Cincinnati, has issued a challenge to jump Steve Brodie from the Poughkeepsie Bridge, with or without a parachute; or he will make a match with Brodie to jump off all five of the Ohio River bridges.

James McCabe called at the "Police Gazette" office on Dec. 26 and posted \$100 forfeit to match an unknown to wrestle Al Ultman, the lightweight champion wrestler, at 135 pounds, give or take 3 pounds, for \$300 a side. The style to be catch-as-catch-can.

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M. Woolsey has been elected captain of the Lake Forest University football eleven of Chicago. Woolsey has played with the team for the last four years. His position has been tackle, although for part of one season he played guard, and he has seldom found his equal among western college men.

It is said that the Brooklyn Jockey Club Handicap for next year will be a \$10,000 guaranteed stake. It was not to be expected that the association could under present circumstances keep it up to \$35,000. All the stakes given will be on the guaranteed system, viz., four for two-year-olds, of \$2,500 each, and handicaps of \$2,500 each.

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ZIMMERMAN AND JOHNSON

A Prospect that Both Bicyclists
Will Be Matched.

FOR AMATEUR OARSMEN.

A New Set of Rules Will Be Framed
and Acted Upon For Them.

OTHER INTERESTING SPORTING NEWS

Jockey Mayberry may succeed Charley Thorpe as rider for the Seagulls.

J. E. Andrews cleared 18 feet in a long jump on skates at Stillwater, Minn.

Edward Dufee, late of the St. Louis Baseball Club, died at Mobile, Ala., on Dec. 24.

Monte Gross is to be located in Pittsburgh by President Kerr until the season opens.

Rivierre, the cyclist, covered 1,000 kilometres (621 miles) in 34 hours, 53 minutes, and 38 seconds, beating Stephane's record by five hours at Paris on Dec. 25.

Lou Lane, the fast 2-year-old pacing filly, by Cesar d'Alene, died recently at Portland, Oregon.

The Boston has a whole hatful of spring dates. On April 10 and 11 the Habbits play at Princeton.

Bookmakers Frank Mail & Co. were recently suspended by the Stewards of the California Jockey Club.

San Francisco is to have another race track. Ground will be broken shortly, and the track will be ready early next spring.

Utica, N. Y., road supervisors have decided to tax wheelmen \$5 a year, the money to be used in improving the highways.

Wallace Ross, the well-known oarsman and athlete, has returned from Antwerp, and is now giving broadsword exhibitions in England.

At a meeting of the Board of Stewards of the California Jockey Club, at San Francisco, Trainer James Long was ruled off for the pulling of Ricardo recently.

Frank Robison, the Cleveland baseball magnate, has now placed himself on record that he will not sell Second Baseman Childs to the New York Club for \$5,000.

Buck Ewing made many friends while he was a member of the Cleveland team, and they are looking forward to his making a good showing with the Cincinnati Reds next season.

Thomas Cahill, manager of the Scranton Club of the Eastern Baseball League, died recently at Scranton, from hemorrhage of the lungs. He was buried in Fall River, Mass.

The single-scall race between Tom Sullivan, the champion of England, and Wag Harding for £400 and the single-scall championship of England, is attracting considerable attention.

At Montreal on Dec. 26, the billiard match between Sutton, of Toronto, and Capron, of Galt, for \$500 a side and the championship of Canada, was won by Sutton by a score of 500 to 374.

With Teabow captain of the Cleveland team and Ewing at Cincinnati's helm, the old-time rivalry that exists between the metropolis of the State and the ex-metropolis will be hotter than ever.

Billy Madden has acquired a copyright on the title of his gold mine, "So Different," on Swan street, Buffalo, N. Y. He fears that the name may be copied, and has taken this way of protecting himself.

Jockey Lamley, who was not allowed to ride all last season, because of a wrangle between himself and Wm. C. Daly, is going to San Francisco, Cal., and will ride for F. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita stable.

Advices from England state that Lord Wolverton is a partner with Lord Duarwane in the latter's yachting enterprises, and that he will also unfurl his colors on the turf next season with Lord Mansfield as his adviser.

Mike F. Dwyer is staying at his hotel on Indian River, Florida. After balancing his betting speculations of 1894, he has lost \$34,000 on the season, so an intimate friend claims. Many suppose he lost just twice that sum.

At Alexander Island on Dec. 22, 1894, aided by the high wind which blew over the Alexander Island track, the great sprinter Sirroco, with 122 pounds on his back, was enabled to cover the five furlongs straightaway course in 59½ seconds.

The Harvard Varsity and class crews are daily practising in the gymnasium and taking open air runs. The coaches at present are Messrs. Watson, '79, and Hammond, '83, with Mr. Legate, who devotes himself chiefly to the freshman crew.

The dispersal of the late Duchess of Montrose Racing Stud at Newmarket, England, on the 11th inst., showed that plenty of money is forthcoming for high-class horses, as twenty head realized the grand total of \$130,275, an average of almost \$7,000.

If it should come to a question between Stafford and Marbury when a second baseman is chosen, or a pupil for second base is to be educated during 1895, there should be no hesitation in selecting Murphy. He at least, has the advantage in personal popularity.

A series of ice trotting meetings has been arranged to commence Jan. 15 in this State. The first will be held at White-hall. Other meetings are scheduled for Saratoga, Saranac Lake, Crown Point, Ticonderoga, Burlington, Plattsburgh and Fort Henry.

Manager Ewing, of the Cincinnati Club, has twenty-six players signed for next year, and there are at least twenty-six more alleged players yet unsigned by any club. After all, it is not so much quantity as quality on which the Cincinnati has been short.

Charles Grim, of Louisville, the clever backstop, will be a member of next year's Brooklyn team. He has accepted President Byrnes' offer and sent for a contract. President Byrnes also announced that Kinlow, Dailey, Burns, Shindie and Daly could be secured by any club that wanted them.

Bob Kneale, the horseman, whose troubles in Germany over racing matters have made him famous, arrived at Sioux City Dec. 25. He was in consultation with his bondsmen, and has very little of interest to say, except that he is securing evidence refuting the charge of "ringing" horses in Germany.

A cocking main has been arranged between Washington and New Jersey. According to the conditions, each side is to show 21 fights, all that weigh in at weights ranging from 4 pounds 14 ounces to 5 pounds 12 ounces, for \$25 each battle and \$500 the odd fight. The main is to be fought on Jan. 19 near Jersey City.

The Long Island City Wheelmen have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Trevor T. Jones; Vice-President, Paul Warnecke, Secretary, G. Steinburg; Treasurer, J. P. Ingalls; Captain, H. H. Jones; First Lieutenant, H. Pent; Trustees, J. F. Ellsworth, Charles Gibson and George Wanganheim.

A National Golf Association has been formed with the following officers: President, Theodore A. Havemeyer, first vice-president, Laurence B. Curtis; second vice-president, C. B. Macdonald; treasurer, Samuel L. Parish, secretary, H. O. Talmadge. The clubs

represented at the meeting were St. Andrew's Golf, of Yonkers; Newport Golf Club, Shinnecock, of Southampton, L. I.; Chicago Golf Club, of Chicago; Boston Country Club, of Brookline, Mass.

Amateur oarsmen throughout the country will be treated to a genuine surprise owing to the fact that an entire new set of rules will be framed and voted upon at a meeting of delegates from all the leading rowing associations to be held in this city next month. Then they will be presented to the National Association of America for adoption.

The Riverside Gun Club held an interesting sweepstakes at Red Bank, N. J., on Dec. 25. Each man shot at 100 boulders, rapid-fire system, entrance \$5, the winner to take all. The shooting was done in sections, twenty-five birds at a time. The score was as follows: A. Irvin, 88; Phil Daly, Jr., 85; James Cooper, 85; O. Hou, 74; John Hoy, Jr., 64.

Higgins, the champion jumper of England, has issued a challenge to jump any man in the world one single broad jump, two single standing jumps and three standing jumps, three trials each, spring shoes barred, for £200 a side. Or he will jump ten jumps, spirit level, spring shoes barred, against any man in the world for £500 a side in England or America.

The Diamond Wheelmen have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, L. W. Schimmel; First Vice-President, George W. Day; Second Vice-President, C. M. Johnson; Secretary, William Bettis; Treasurer, C. Beck; Captain, F. K. Williams; Board of Directors, John McPherson, William F. Hopkins, W. S. Terry, A. A. Sherman and R. C. M. Judge.

Robert J. (2:01 1-2) was the largest money winner among harness horses on the turf this year, yet his total winnings were but \$29,875, a small sum compared with what the best thoroughbreds won. Beaumont (2:12) was the largest winner among the trotters, with \$23,000 to her credit. The only other harness horse that won upward of \$10,000 was Mary Best, who has \$21,050 to her credit.

In addition to the Kentucky Derby, \$3,000 added, the Clark Stakes, \$1,250 added, and the Kentucky Oaks, \$1,000 added, the reorganized Louisville Jockey Club offers seven stakes each with \$2,000 guaranteed, to be decided at its spring meeting. The club also announces the Louisville Futurity for 1897, \$10,000 guaranteed. The spring meeting will begin May 6, and continue to and including May 22.

President Young, of the National League, has selected five umpires for next season, viz.: Tim Keefe, Bob Emslie, Jack McQuaid, James F. McDonald and Lynch. McDonald, it will be remembered, umpired in the Western League last year. One regular and one extra man remain to be chosen, and there are four applications, W. Headland, M. Murray, F. Jevons and Dan Campbell. The applications of Hurst and Gaffney have been rejected.

The following was received at the "Police Gazette" office from J. S. Sherwood, the well-known fifteen-ball pool player of Indianapolis, Ind.:

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

R. W., Syracuse, N. Y.—A wins.

P. W., Hartford, Conn.—B wins.

A. W. M., Summit.—Twelve rounds.

D. H., Washington, D. C.—Thanks for items.

M. W., Pottsville, Pa.—B must deal the cards.

T. S. W., Newark, N. J.—No. 2. Sixes are high.

D. W., Rochester, N. Y.—B wins, holding high, low.

T. H. D., Lenior, N. C.—The party with low went out.

R. W., Hudson, N. Y.—B wins. A must show his hand.

W. T., Syracuse, N. Y.—A, having turned up Jack, is out.

W. J., Hartford, Conn.—B wins. Aces did not beat sixes.

R. W., Cincinnati, O.—Yes; Mac and King fought twice.

M. W., Trenton, N. J.—A must either run the race or forfeit.

R. K., St. Joseph, Mo.—The joker is not used in legitimate poker.

S. W., Jamestown, N. Y.—It is the rule in some houses one tie all tie.

J. S., Concord, N. H.—Johnny Dwyer only fought once in the prize ring.

C. B. R., Augusta, Ga.—It was a show down according to explanation.

D. M. B., Elwood, Ind.—Apply to the Edison Company, Orange, N. J.

C. W. B., Tyler, Tex.—See Andy Bowen's record, published in this issue.

B. W., Scranton, Pa.—The decision of the referee settled the matter.

S. W., Holyoke, Mass.—B must follow suit even if he does hold trumps.

J. O. K.—Joe Walcott and Austin Gibbons were to have fought ten rounds.

J. K., New York.—John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett only fought 21 rounds.

A. H., Montague, Mich.—1. Yes. 2. Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" book of rules.

C. M., Newark, N. J.—1. He was born in England. 2. A wins. They never fought.

W. J., Philadelphia, Pa.—It was in November, 1867, that Jimmy Carney and Jack McAllife fought.

S. P. W., Paterson, N. J.—Austin Gibbons defeated Jem Verrall in England, not Sammy Blakelock.

C. A. L., Des Moines, Ia.—1. No. 2. Send 25 cents to this office for the "Police Gazette" card player.

J. H. M., Havre, Mont.—A could not win by B's mistake. The hand B held entitled him to the money.

C. E., Edgewater—Native of Quebec, Can.

E. L., Burlington, Vt.—Jem Mac fought twice as many battles as Joe Coburn, but the latter never lost a battle.

J. C. K., St. Paul, Minn.—A straight flush is not a royal flush.

E. W. T., Toledo, O.—There is no official record and it is very doubtful if any one ever accomplished thefeat.

W. L., Brooklyn—Bill Poole is supposed to have been the best rough-and-tumble fighter in the United States.

W. H. S., McCook, Neb.—The term catch-as-catch-can explains itself. Send 25 cents for "Police Gazette" rules.

A. B. C., Lincoln, Ill.—1. Yes. 2. Bob Fitzsimmons was defeated by Jim Hall before he came to this country.

J. J. S., Lancaster, Pa.—Westhall, the famous English pedestrian, died at London, Eng., Oct. 12, 1868, aged forty-five.

G. H., Albany, N. Y.—1. Joe Coburn was 5 feet 9 inches in height.

T. P. Ryan kept a saloon in New York city in 1866.

J. E. S., Yonkers, N. Y.—Peter Jackson and James J. Corbett never fought a draw. The referee decided it "no contest."

T. W. P., Cincinnati, O.—Billy Edwards and Batt Mullins never fought. They were matched to fight but Mullins trounced off.

S. W., Summit.—Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons fought 12 rounds when they fought in the Olympic Club, New Orleans, La.

T. W., Boston, Mass.—At the time John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought at Mississippi City, Sullivan was the first to enter the ring.

J. J. M., Hartford, Conn.—Duncan C. Ross defeated Donald Dinne in Yonkers, N. Y., July 3, 1862, and at Jersey City, on July 4, 1862.

E. E. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—If A turned the jack he won. If C bid three and made high, low, game and did not turn up the Jack C wins.

G. J., Toledo, O.—Tom King and John C. Hoenan fought at Wadsworth, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863. King won in 25 rounds occupying 35 minutes.

J. M., Troy, N. Y.—Yes; Jake Martin and James Owens wrestled in Terra Garden, New York City. Owens threw Martin after wrestling five hours.

S. W., Hazelton, Pa.—We have not the address of Joe Anton and Edwin Bibby. The latter is living in Fall River, Mass., and Anton in San Francisco, Cal.

N. McC., Portland, Me.—Australian (Jim) Kelly and Jonathan Smith fought for £400 at Melbourne, Australia, in November, 1855.

C. J., Cleveland, O.—Billy McKeever was killed on the Chicago Driving Park, Sept. 22, 1866, while driving General Butler against Cooley.

W. F., Rahway.—The fastest time on record for running 100 yards is 9 4-5 seconds, made by Harry S. Bethune and H. M. Johnson.

G. J., Toledo, O.—Tom King and John C. Hoenan fought at Wadsworth, Eng., Dec. 10, 1863. King won in 25 rounds, for a \$1,000 purse. Lavigne then beat Eddie Myer, at Dana, Ill., Feb. 11, 1864, in 22 rounds. Lavigne next beat Young Griffi at Chicago, Feb. 10, 1864, and although an 8 round draw was declared Lavigne had much the better of it. Lavigne soon East in a hopeless endeavor to make Young Griffi fight, but did not succeed. Lavigne was matched against Jerry Marshall, whom he beat in 10 rounds at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, Sept. 17, 1864. At the same place the following month, Oct. 29, 1864, he defeated Johnnie Griffi in 15 rounds. James J. Corbett says that Lavigne is the ideal fighter of his weight. Lavigne has fought two draws with George Suddens, one at East Saginaw, Mich., in March, 1866, of 77 rounds, the other at Grand Rapids, Mich., April 26, 1866, of 55 rounds. Lavigne's last fight was with Andy Bowen which ended fatally to the latter by his head striking the hard floor.

Dan Bayliff, the heavyweight champion of Ohio, who

bested Ed Blake at Bay City, O., recently, says in an interview that the Bay City Athletic Club had forwarded a proposition to Corbett and Fitzsimmons, offering a handsome purse, the amount of which he was not able to give, but it was large enough.

There are a number of wealthy men in Bay City who have subscribed liberally to have the fight paid off there.

Charley Kelly called at the "Police Gazette" office with his brother and said he had issued a challenge to fight Geo. Corfield

at his home in Bay City, O., recently, says in an interview that the National Sporting or the Hollingsworth Club. Kelly stipulates that he shall be allowed expenses. If a favorable reply is received to a cable forwarded by the "Police Gazette" about the match Kelly will sail for England and Hugh Boyle, who is going over to fight Pedlar Palmer in the Hollingsworth Club, and Robert Butler will accompany him.

At Washington, D. C., recently, under the auspices of the Washington Athletic Club, there were several rattling gavel sights. The first one was between Jack Ryan, of New York, and Jack Mann, of Wilmington. They fought the best they knew how for 6 rounds, and the decision went to Mann, who was much the larger and stronger of the two men. The second fight was between Jack McMahon, of Wilmington, and Jim McBride, of



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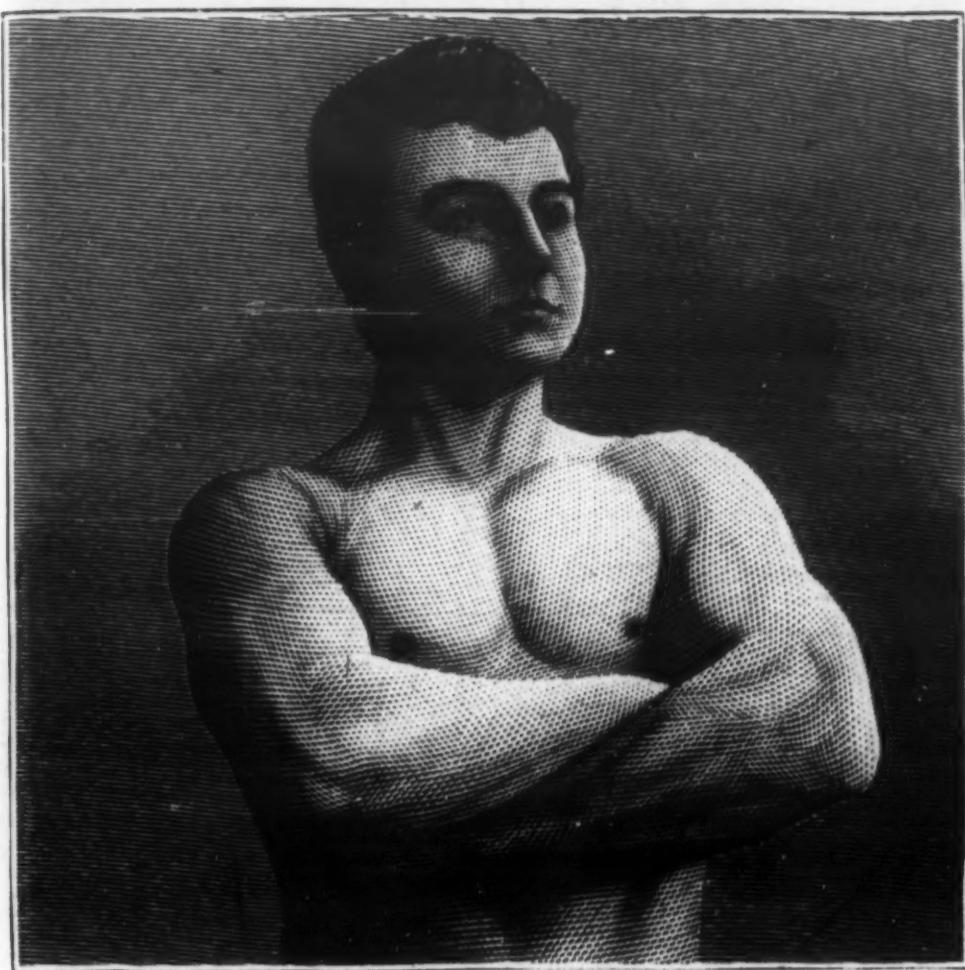
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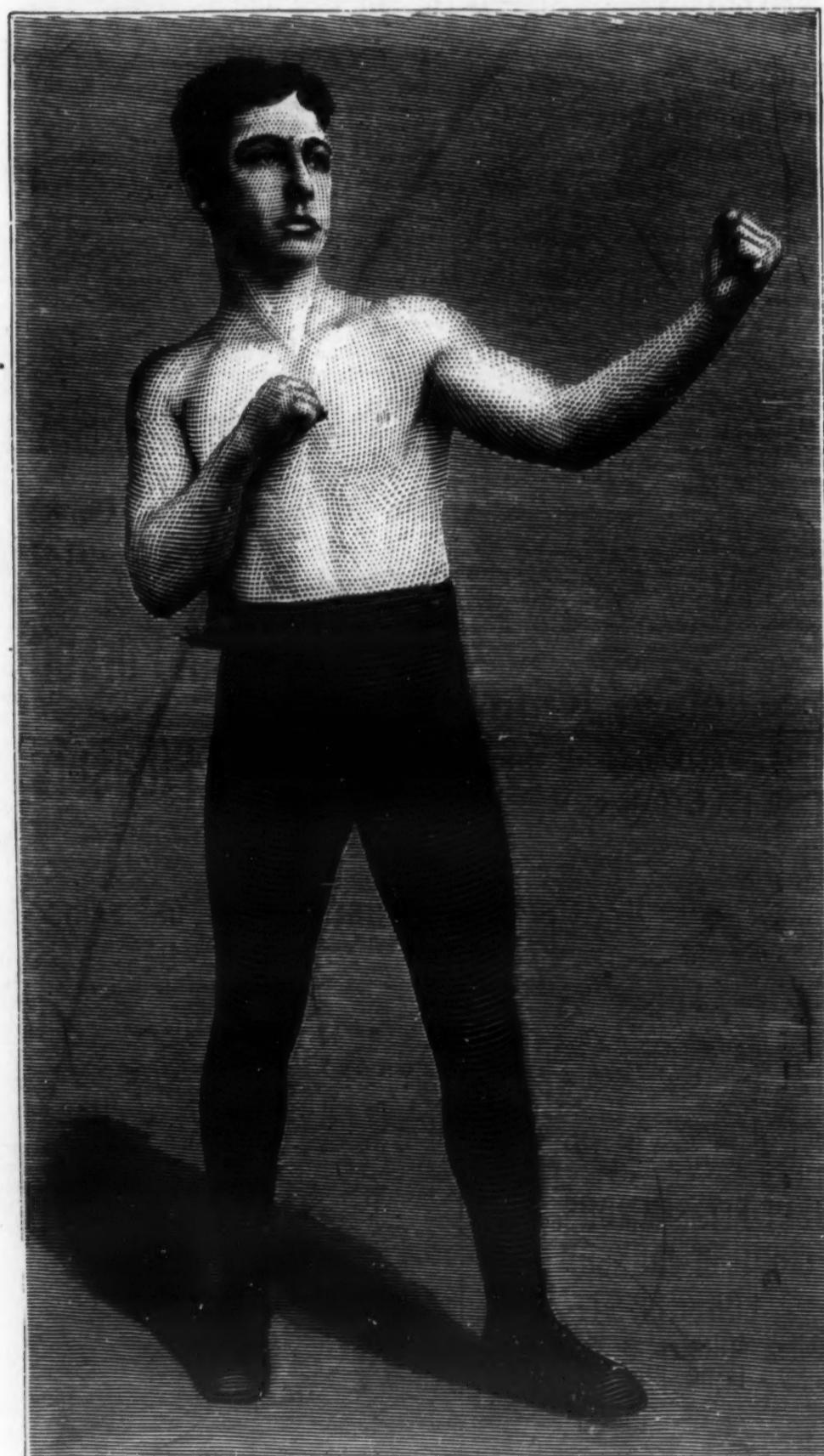
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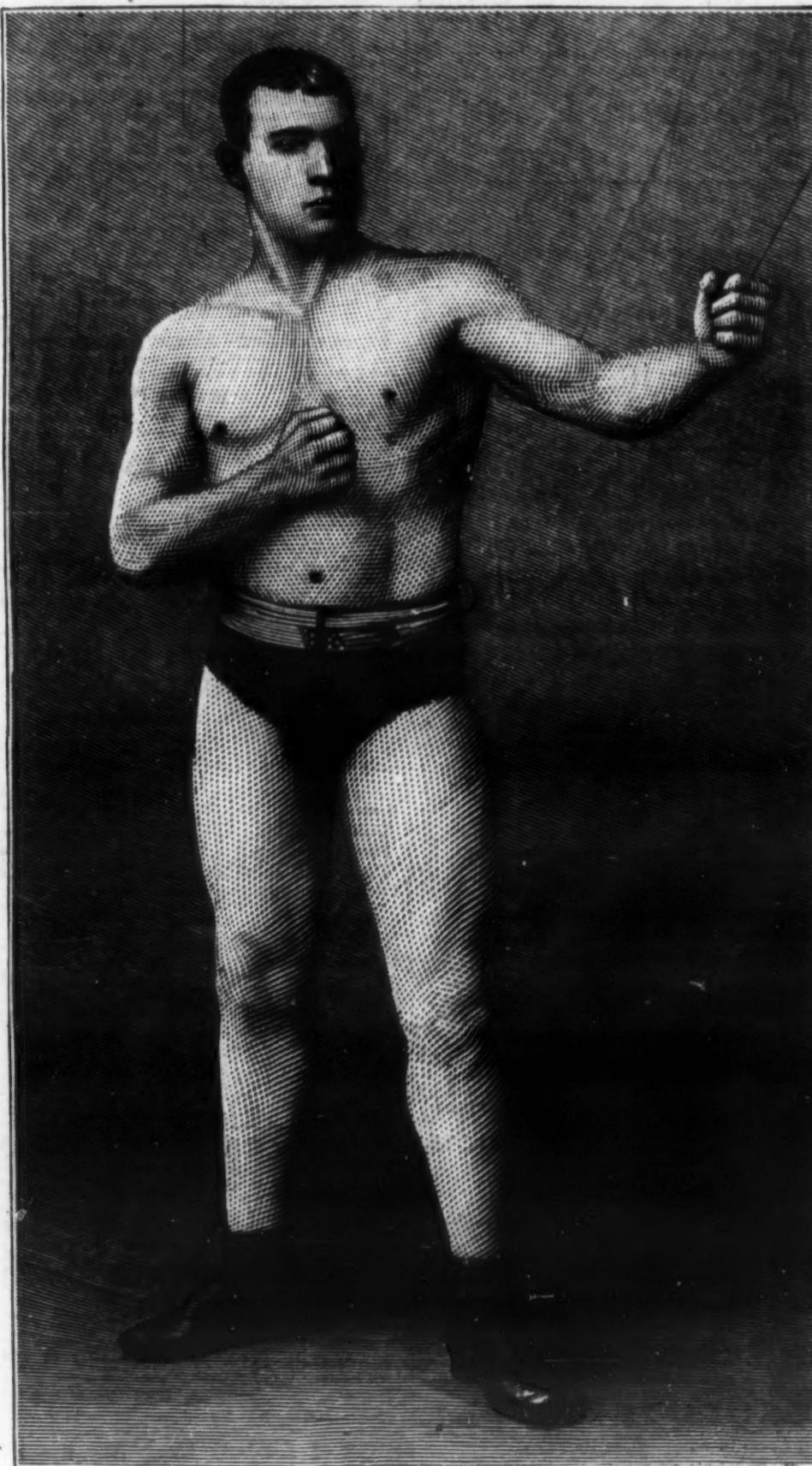
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36. Kate Uart—in tights
37. Carrie Andrew—bust
38. Carrie Forsyth—bust
39. Elsie Jerome—in tights
40. Carrie Wilson—in tights
41. Maude Grainger—tights, bust
42. Jennie Joyce—tights & cost.
43. Carmen Costa—in costume
44. Patti—bust
45. Mollie Fuller—tights & cost.
46. Lole Fuller—costume, bust
47. Letty Lind—costume
48. M'lie Otero—costume
49. Kate Claxton—costume
50. Miss Webster—tights & bust
51. Miss Spiller—in tights
52. Cora Tanner—bust
53. Marie Jansen—costume
54. Nellie Harris—costume
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56. Harriet Vernon—tights, bust
57. Lydia Thompson—in tights
58. Stella Bard—in tights
59. Geraldine St. Maur—tights
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